

Life is a Big Conumdrum-It Doesn't Have to be Answered-The Little Fuzzles of Individual Life are Enough to Wrestle With-Farmers Do Not Eelieve Much in Metaphysics-But They Have Their Place-Life is Not All Doings-Man Must Work to Live and If 1 Wise Must Find Joy in His Work.

grubbing.

their first and last rest.

Men and brethren, what's the use?

support our horses for their own sakes; but for the use they may be to us. I am not here to become slave to

work is in the valley shall my soul never scale the heights!

other way which feeds the other side

The language hasn't words shameful

enough to express my contempt for ab-solute do-nothings. There isn't a man

or woman on earth but has a real work to do. He is a despicable shirk if he refuses it, or casts it on another's shoulders. But that work is not the

end and object of life; it is the price we pay for life. Life itself is some-

thing else and something more. It is something which is to be earned by our work and then owned. How can

one own and master that which owns

"Take time to live." It's better to have but little and get all the good

there is out of that little than to be a millionaire—and a bondsman to the millions. It's better to have a small

farm and live a full, rounded, manly life on it, than to own thousands of acres and be compelled to give them

up all your life in wretched slavery.

"Not what we have but what we are

Makes up the sum of living!"
THE FARMER.

Art Criticism.

the fluffy young thing. "They always look as if they had a cataract or some-

thing of that kind the matter with

Oxalic Acid Removes Ink.

from a kitchen floor or other unvar-

nished boards by applying strong ox-

alic acid, afterward washing well with

On Deing Good.

set into the life of any man or woman,

I shall feel that I have worked with

All in a Name.

conquer the world considers himself

Varying Size of Rain Drops,

Government scientists who have

been measuring them say rain drops

vary in size from the merest speck of

Showing World's Progress.

the days of Columbus. There are now

Child Mortality in New York.

deaths in New York city among chil-

No Proof.

is no sign that he isn't as mean as the

Just because a man lives like a lord

dren under five years old.

devil

There is a weekly average of 450

Only seven metals were known in

water to two inches in diameter.

Many a young man starting out to

God .- George MacDonald.

a smart Alec .- Puck.

If I can put one touch of a rosy sun-

One housekeeper removes ink stains

their eyes."

fresh water.

"I don't like marble statues," said

filling and as nourishing.

Cabbage raising isn't the end of life;

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.) | nerveless hands, and they enter on "Take time to live—you will be a long time dead." As I read that old sentiment revamped in a recent newspaper article I began to wonder whether it hadn't a bearing on some

Life is a good deal of a conundrum, anyway. What's it all about? What's it for? What's its object? What's the best thing to do with it? There are several thousand answers

to have a bigger and better barn isn't the sole object for even a farmer's existence. All that life is for I don't profess to know, but one thing it can wisely and properly be used for is the elevation of our own manhood and womanhood. If you are grangers, as I hope you are, you'll have heard something of that sort before. Our farms, our horses, our cattle, our belongings of all sorts are but the tools which we may use to develop our own selves. to these questions—but there isn't one answer to any one of the questions which will meet the full approval of everybody. So far as the abstract problem is concerned, we might as well give it up at the start. It's like the wonder whether Mars is inhabited or whether the sun is coping some time to may use to develop our own selves. They are or should be our servants, not our masters. We don't feed and whether the sun is going some time to burn out or to blow up. We may know these things, some day, when the Central Knowledge sees that time and we are ripe for knowing. Till then we can speculate—and wait.

Who was to who walked

But, individually, we don't have to Instead, ble bit of gold some one had dropped?

Never mind who he was called: we've guess the big conundrum. Instead, each has the little puzzle of his own life to meet and that he must solve, in Never mind who he was called; we've all seen his like; men permanently deformed and neck bowed by their constant downward looking, till at last they get so they can't look up, even if they want to. All day-time they're peering into the mud, and the night is to them but a time for penance, because the light has failed and they can't see what may be in the slime till it comes again. They do not know a corresponding to the high blue. some fashion or other. The big one he can let alone for the slow unravelings of eternity, but the little one he has to live with and must master it or be mastered by it. And it makes no difference whether we sit down to it with pen and paper and seek to work it out by the rules of logic, or whather it out by the rules of logic, or whether we atubbornly turn our backs on it and go out to hoe corn—it is with us it it comes again. They do not kno or care for the awful glory of the blu shadows are, ever-present, un-

We farmers, as a rule, don't "go much on metaphysics." There's too much dirt to dig and too many weeds to kill. We have to cultivate cabbages first, and our own souls second or think we do. What to plant and where to plant it; how to make it grow and how to scare up help enough to take care of it while growing; how to keep our roofs from leaking and shoes on the children's feet—these and kindred topics engross us. We're a little and in truth to resent uses. dred topics engross us. We're a little apt, in truth, to regard people who theorize and speculate about life as useless critters, not earning their salt. When a man's hands have hardened and crooked to the grip of the plow and the hoe handle, he's apt to think the penholder too small a tool to be worth working with. When he spendights strenuous days grappling with hard facts, he becomes impatient of those who "waste" their energies speculating over theories.

If I am pressed to it, and must answer candidly, "cross my heart and tell the truth, honest Injun, now"—as I heard a small boy conjuring a companion recently—I shall have the admit a good deal of sympathy with this feeling. I own up to a tremendous admiration for people who DO THINGS. I feel a real reverence for such men as Edison and Bell and Colonel Goethals and "Teddy" Roosevelt. When, the other day, I saw the huge When, the other day, I saw the huge Mauretania drive majestically up New York harbor, I experienced a sense of hero worship toward her captain. I should, if I had met him, have taker the wonderful accomplishment of tha bi-monthly but no less marvelous deed of his, in hurling those thousands of tons of "heavier-than-water" steel across the pathless ocean, straight and true as an arrow, to an invisible port But, after all, while it was he who did it, he never could have done it but for the previous dreamings and the orizings and speculations of numerous star-gazing astronomers who had spen their lives in staring at the heavens and plotting out hypothetical orbits and figuring the altitudes and declinations of wheeling planets and twinkling suns, far-sown in the undreamable depths of infinite space. From their silent, dark, quiet observatories came the knowledge which made his masof his clattering, screw-threshing

Life isn't all do-ing: a part of it is be-ing. While it isn't common sense to set the thinker heavens high above the worker, it is not modest for us pragmatists to assume a greater virtue for ourselves than just our fair share. Accompashment is more than mere existence; granted; but exist-ence must come first. We must live before we can do the work of live men. before we can do the work of live men. Right there comes in the trouble with the many of us plain farmer-folks. We're so busy doing things that we can't and won't stop to be ourseives. I know some farmers to whom life is nothing more than a chance to wait on their horses and their cows, their corn and their cabbages, their hay-mans and their manure heaps. They obher an idle moment as nathe is said to ather twee across the days and years the cives across the days and years the cluss ly; if er's so mu a to do and there'ves across the days and years te-ler'lessly; there so must be do and so little time to do it; when one row is heed there's another to begin and they can't stop till that is done, and then the next, and so on and on till, at last, the hoe handle drops from the

## Delicately Formed

and gently reared, women will find in all the seasons of their lives, as maidens, wives and mothers, that the one simple, wholesome laxative remedy which acts gently and pleasantly and naturally and which may be taken at any time, when the system needs a laxative, with perfect safety and really beneficial effects, is Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

It has that true delicacy of flavor which is so refreshing to the taste, that warming and grateful toning to the stomach which responds so favorably to its action and the laxative of fect which is so beneficial to the system when, occasionally, its gentle

cleansing is required. The genuine, always bearing the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., may be purchased from all leading ! druggists in original packages of one size only, price afty ogpts our bottle.

Sariah is worried. Ever since she ost \$13 of a Friday, life to her has been a hoodoo! She can't tell how it happened.

AS JOB JOLT SEES IT

The hired man who thinks the loss of an hour a day is nothing to growl about doesn't realize that means a loss of 31 days in a year. He'd be wiser if he figured more.

The corn that was planted in May is looking down on the corn planted in early April. April planted sweetcorn should wear arctics.

Sally Jones used to be one of the gayest and smartest girls in town, but since she discovered her affinity life has been boisterous with her.

The man with a glad hand in Sunday clothes looks like a good fellow until you have handed him your coin for a gold brick; then he looks like just what he is.

When the hawks capture eight young turkeys in a day in a brood of twelve, turkey raising cannot be regarded as real profitable business.

The frost is no respecter of persons. It kills the crops of the righteous and lets the unrighteous escape. This shows frosts are controlled by law, not by

Cy Cymbal ought to be ashamed of himself. He says if Samantha Psalter had not set her cap for an ideal she might have caught a beau.

A cheap horse is an expensive critter for a milk cart. He too often spills the milk in the street.

I have no doubt these fellers who say "if farmers knew more they'd do beteven my farm; it is here to furnish me ter," really believe it; but I'd like to see one of them run a farm. The proof is always in the pudding.

Who was the man in the old parable who walked all his life with his face bent downward and his eyes on the Parson Dawson's son, Bob, says he is going to be a bacteriologist because there is more money in it than in farming. Least beneficial occupations often pay biggest money.

> Bill Bangs says he could keep his word better if Nancy did not have so many darn chores for him to do. Bill always blames Nancy for his shortcomings. So long as hired help expect the

farm to run by union rules instead of vault above them; they never see the screne stars shining overhead; their lives begin and end with the little rood of much trodden soil over which they natural law, there'll be a big problem for the farmer to solve. Eight hour days are not agricultural. I don't like these bird-lovers who travel back and forth, digging and

eave the bars down and let the cows Of course, we must work to live. No-body denies it; everybody admits it. It into the farmer's corn. I feel like setting the dog on them. I never blame a city chap who wants

doesn't follow that we live solely to work like slaves at a never-ending, never-to-be-accomplished task. My gardens stretch back from the house a farm to admire for buying one. It is easier to have an inviting place in the country than it is to work it. Parson Dawson says he wishes re-

gardens stretch back from the house over a level area, and I work on them and over them, day by day. I must do it to get the fuel by which the human engine may be enabled to run. But I am something more than just an engine—a machine. Nor is my farm all gardens. Behind them rises the mountain side; green hilly pasture fields: abrunt rocky cliffs; pine plumed knolls; partee was not so often impudence The parson has more college than rural in his makeup. Cy Cymball says a great many mean

rupt rocky cliffs; pine plumed knolls; back of all the majestic mountain itself, heaving its huge bulk passively athwart the sky-line. Shall I never stop digging with my loce to look up at it and take counsel with it? Shall things are said about yellow dogs. Nothing can be too derned low to be lied about. Samantha Psalter has a pair of

I never lay down the hoe to climb up to the summit and breathe in some-thing of the god-like peace and calm which dwell there? Because my taskbantam hens called "the heavenly twins." They wanted to set so bad she put one egg under each, and they hatched one chicken and they both mother it. She says she never owned a chicken of such importance before. I like corned beef and cabbage, and Bill Bangs' bound's ululation makes

I also like night an uproar for his neighbors, but ining and as nourising. I also like the trailing arbutus and the henaticas of early spring. When I've set out the cabbage plants why shall I not take an hour or two off to rest and reality live in the woods or by the brook or in any serious in front of him, gets drunk;

serious in front of him, gets drunk; drunk a good deal of the time. JOB JOLT.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

Thomas Dixon has written another play on the race problem, which has named "The Sins of the Father." Consuelo Bailey has taken Murguerite

Clark's part in the New York revival of "Jim the Penman." Margaret Anglin is going into com

edy after this tearful drama. this season, deserting the Gertrude Quinlan in "Miss Patsy" will be the opening attraction next sea-son at the Liberty theater, New York.

"Seven Days," the rellicking farce at the Astor theatre in New York, will be produced in Vienna.

Miss Ellen Terry is to appear in New York in three lectures at the Hudson theater on Nov. 3, 10 and 17.

A new music hall singer, imported from London, who is expected to make a big success here, is Cissic Curiette, who is represented as a combination of Vesta Tilley and Lucy Weston.

Klaw & Erlanger stole a murch in securing Sarah Bernhardt for next season. She will play in this country under their management, and will use a repertory of about 10 plays.

The Philharmonic society, The Philharmonic society, New York's oldest and most conservative orchestral organization, signalized the conclusion of its sixty-eighth season by placing itself under the professional management of Loudon Chariton, who for the past ten years has been of the most successful impresarios in America.

The Shuberts announced Wednesday night that the engagement of "The Mi-kado" at the Casino Theater had been extended for two weeks beyond the scheduled length, and the comic opera will continue without change of cast until July 9. Fritz Scheff, who had planned a trip to Japan for the summer has consented to delay her vacation, and the other members of the company have agreed to remain for the extra an Alexander, when he is in reality but two weeks.

> Hans Robert and Eva Williams have been added to the cast of "Up Down Broadway," with Eddie Emma Carus and Gussie Holl, is the new summer revue which is to follow the all-star revival of "The Mi-kado" at the Casino Theater and which is being rehearsed under the direction of William J. Wilson.

Father's Rights. Ir a man thinks he has any rights about his home, let him disapprove of

dragged in.-Atchison Globe, First Woolen Clotn. The first woolen cloth made in Eng land was manufactured about 1330,

though cloth was not dyed and dressed

the young man his daughter has

by Englishmen until 1667.



THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: \$2.50 to first; \$1.50 to second; \$1.00 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month,

EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Bulletin wants good home letters, good business letters; good help-ful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper. Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

## LETTERS SHOULD BE SIGNED.

We are glad to welcome to the Social Corner this week letter-writers from Nebraska and New Jersey; and also one from Hartford,

The interest in the Corner is growing and the spirit of it is inviting. We have omitted several unsigned letters this week. The real name must accompany each letter, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. No one knows the real names of the writers but the Editor-they will not be disclosed where a pen-name is appended. Where the name is sent to print it will appear .- EDITOR SOCIAL CORNER.

Social Corner Editor: From far off
New Jersey I come to enter your
Social corner. May I enter.
Your visitors I see have written on
several subjects—I would write a few
lines on Motherhood. If through your
solumns you might awaken in some
of our young women a deeper love
assponsibility.

Into the hem sew small marbles,
enough to weigh it sufficiently to keep
it in place, then run a shirr at the top
to accommodate a curtain stick, fasten
over the doorway on the side where
the door does not open.

Stafford.

HOUSEKEEPER of our young women a deeper love and respect for the pleasures and responsibilities of Motherhood, what a vast amount of good you might ac-

complish. So many of our young women of today are looking at the one side of Motherhood, the one where they see all the work the self denial, the suffering. But, girls, there is another side. That dainty little bundle all with all the gifts, and to the bag was fitted up with all the gifts, and to the bag was

"Better than gold is a peaceful home, Where all the fireside charities come,-The shrine of love and the heaven of Hallowed by mother, or sister or wife;

However humble the home may be, Or tried with sorrow, by Heaven's de-The blessings that never were bought

And centre there, are better than gold?" Camden, N. J.

Good Cheap Cake.

Good Cheap Cake.

Editor Social Corner: I send receipt for good cheap cake: —2 eggs: 1 cup sugar: ½ cup of milk; 1 cup of flour: 1 teaspoon butter; 1 level teaspoonful cream tartar; ½ teaspoonful soda. Scald the milk and melt the butter in it. Cream the eggs and sugar, then add the flour into which the cream tartar and soda have been sifted, mix all together thoroughly, then over the mixture pour the scalding milk, and beat well. Bake in two layers.

Filling for cake: 1-3 cup butter; 1 cup powdered sugar, 2 teaspoons cocos. Cream together and flavor with t teaspoons cold coffee, 1-2 teaspoon vanilla. M. E. H.

Another Out-of-Door Being.

Editor Social Corner: Here is another outdoor being that is glad, with Recluse, to be allve. That is, I am as much of an out-door being as it is possible for me to be, and do all the housework and sewing for a large family. My plan is to remove to the iamily. My plan is to remove to the porch or lawn everybit of work that can possibly be done there, and sleep with open windows at night. If the Social Corner Sisters will try doing more of their work out of doors, they will be surprised to find that much of the so-called drudgery may be made a pleasure: and instead of tearing down the constitution will build it up. This I know by experience. It is no guess work with me, for many times I have done work out-doors that I never could have done in a heated kitchen. My sympathy goes out to the woman who must do housework and have no porch or shade tree to fice to for a refuge; and the poor little chilwoman who must do housework and have no porch or shade tree to flee to for a refuge; and the poor little children of those same mothers who must play in the house with the same playthings that they have used all winter, or brave the dangers of the hot and dusty street, while our own children are romping in the fields, or quietty seeping under the big shade trees. ly sleeping under the big shade trees. Oh, how I wish that I was able, or that some one else who was, would buy a few of these abandoned homesteads, and fit them up for summer homes for the mothers and children that would not otherwise get away. that would not otherwise get away from the city. May those of us, es-pecially those who have the care of small children be truly grateful for our pleasant homes in the country; and let us draw nearer to nature and nature's God. I want to speak of just one other matter, then I will take my leave, or else none will want me to come into the Corner again. The head come into the Corner again. The head of our house is away at noon, so we pack our luncheon and proceed to some pleasant spot on the farm to eat it. One can go to a different place nearly every day in the week. Remember to save the nearby places for days when one is unusually tired, or in a hurry. When this plan is followed the dining room may be put in order immediately after breakfast and requires little if any attention until dinner is served in the evening. More work is saved than made by thus departing from the regular routine and it brings so much recem may be put in order immediately after breakfast and requires little if any attention until dinner is served in the evening. More work is saved than made by thus departing from the regular routine and it brings so much pleasure to the children. With best wishes for the long life of the Social Corner, from one who enjoys the Corner very much. SUBURBANITE.

Half cupful of butter until it becomes creamy, add one cupful of sugar, two well beaten eggs, one-half cupful of milk in which a scant teaspoonful of milk in which a scant teaspoonful of flour and lastly the cooled mixture. Bake in four tires in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

When the cakes are cooled spread over and between the sheets icing made as follows: Boil two cupfuls of granulated sugar with one-quarter cup

Keep Out The Flies,

Editor Social Corner: We enjoy the Corner much, with its many helps and hints. I will send a few that some young housekeeper may find helpful. It requires an amount of perseverance to keep a house free from flies, but the comfort of it when accomplished worth the effort to secure it.

by Englishmen until 1667.

A patent has been granted for an attachment to rocking chairs to operattachment to rocking chairs to operate a fan to seal the consensa.

Editor Social Corner: To entertain a bride a pretty idea was carried out once, by the friends of a young couple. The affair was of the nature of a "Surprise Shower," each guest provided as a little gift, a certain article for side. That dainty little bundle all your own to fondle, and in such a short time to return your caress. Then a little while and little pattering feet to run mother's errands; and again a little, when perhaps the financial burden is heavy, a help to lift that burden; and then—a comfort in declining years; and now, right here, a word to those of us who have parents still with us, may we never fail in giving to them the affection and comfort that is their due. What more blessed heritage could be ours, than an unsullied name and Godly training by christian parents.

All honor to parenthood.

"Better than gold is a peaceful home, Where all the fireside charilies come." grow. Don't have things sew-sew; but all things just sew. Gracious! 'Ods Bodkins! and shiver my pins! When a girl's married her life just begins CUPID.

> Cross Not the Bridge Before You Get There.

> Editor Social Corner: How many people there are who cross the bridge before they reach it, and make moun-tains of mulebills, which would never tains of molebills, which would never be noticed by those who take the world as it is. Worry and fret will kill any one sooner than hard work. It will put wrinkles in the face which can never he removed, and turn the hair white for the grave. There are some who never look for trouble and are bound to look on the bright side. Some years ago we had a boy live with us who made the best of life, although he was young in years. On the fingers was young in years. On the finger of one of his hands he had a number of large warts. One day he was running the cutting machine at the bars to cut hay for the borses, much against our wishes when he accidentally cu off three of his fingers. As we were taking him to the doctor's to have his hand dressed, he remarked: "Gee! That is the way to get rid of your

warts!" He was like Bridget, who saw husband fall from a tree while pick-ing apples and break his leg. She ran to him and said: "Pat, I am se -how much better it would hav been if you had broken your neck and not had to suffer!"

The bright side is the best for us all. Fretting and worrying is a hab-it like smoking, only worse, and should not be cultivated. Life is about what

than once a year—the month of June.

We are as much interested in the Social Corner as ever, while we do not write weekly, as we see the young people are writing letters and we will give them the space. We will say to the young writers Keep on sending letters to the Social Corner. It will be a good school for you. We once knew a boy who wrote a story for a New York paper just for the sport of writing, and to his surprise he received a check for \$200 for his trouble.

Danlelson.

Danielson.

Nice Tested Recipes.

Editor Social Corner: Our family enjoy the Social Corner immensely and on Saturday morning it is the first section of the paper that we want to look at I am sending you a few recipes that if given a trial I think will be re-

A recipe that will produce a deliciou confection: Put into a saucepan a cup ful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk one-half cupful of broken chocolate the yolk of an egg and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Heat the mixture well and of vanilla. Beat the mixture wen and of vanilla. Beat the mixture wen and place on the stove until it begins to boil and become smooth, but do not become too thick. Then set is let it become too thick. Then set away to cool. While cooling, I half cupful of butter until it

granulated sugar with one-quarter of water for five minutes; beat the whites of two eggs to a froth and pour the hot syrup upon them, beating al-the while until well mixed. The icing may be used at once. Pin a piece of stiff writing paper around the cake if you do not dish to frost the sides. Neapolitan Cream Cake: The fol-

worth the effort to secure it.

The screens should be put in early—the back door should not be forgotten.
The cellar windows should also be screened. Do not leave the slop pail at the backdoor unless it has been scalded and dried. See that no food is left where flies can light upon it, and that the table is cleared as soon as the meal is over, and the crumbs swept up. If the table must wait for some late comer cover with two breadths of cheese-cloth sewed together. There is no room in the house where it is more important to keep the flies out than the dining room.

A mosquito netting portiere will be found of service in the door leading lowing is a recipe that I am sure ha found of service in the door leading resent the strawberry, and to the other

sugar, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, one-half teaspoonful of pistachio extract, a little leaf green color paste, to give a delicate green tint. Before the coloring matter is added, spread a little of the leing over two of the cakes so that when cut they will not separate, and on the top spread this filling making about one-eighth of an inch thick. This is a very nice fancy cake and when cut looks much like the mixed tee cream.

There has been published some very nice recipes. I would like to see more, even if we do not all win a prize. I cut out the recipes that I think good and paste them into a blank book. I call it my Social Corner Recipe Book and I consider it a prize in itself. Of course, I do not keep all that are published—only what I call the choice ones.

Wishing success to the Social Cor-

Wishing success to the Social Cor-JUANITA.

Why Have Any Stale Bread? Editor Social Corner: Though an exile from home, I still get my news of the great world, largely from The Courier. I find much entertainment

and always some new ideas from the

and always some new ideas from the Social Corner.

The bright and inspiring Arethusa referred to the saying: "Cleanliness is next to godliness." as from the Bible. I would like to ask her for chapter and verse. The spirit of it is certainly there, and the sanitary laws of Moses we moderns would be healthier for keeping. Old proverbs we often take for granted are in the Bible.

The letter about "stale bread" recalls many expensive recipes for saying it

many expensive recipes for saving it which cost far more than the bread. And so I ask, "Why have any state bread?" bread?"

Why not be like the boy in the ed. eating his favorite breakfast food and explaining to his dog waiting for the leavings. "There ain't going to be any leavings." Of course, I mean as a general rule. The crust is the best part of the bread; and dry bread, if sweet, is healthful.

NEBRASKA

The Phoebe.

Editor Social Corner: Sitting under the old apple tree as I write I watch the birds building their summer homes and listen to their singing and little talk among themselves. Among the earliest birds of the spring is the phoe-be. I suppose all our country readers are familiar with the voice of this lit-tle favorite. It seems to have a kind are familiar with the voice of this lit-tile favorite. It seems to have a kind of sociable spirit as though it would call attention to itself and ask for our kindness and good will. Phoebes are fond of building their nests near our dwellings. I know one pair that for several years have built on a beam in a building that was little used. He stands outside watching files and pip-ing his gentle cry of "phobe, phobe." He is called a fly catcher. There are other birds that are called fly catch-ers, but these have a particular way ers, but these have a particular way of doing it. They sit on a tree of shrub until a fly approaches, then dart after it and return to their perch.

They seem to become attached to a

They seem to become attached to a spot where they have nested and return to it every year, but never again occupy the old nest, for I notice they build a new one by the side of it next year, until there is a row of them. What a vast amount of time and partience!

It seems to me that boys are not so cruel to the dear birds as in days past. I used to think boys were dreadful when I saw them so often throwing stones at birds to injure them and perhaps kill them. I hope at least they have given up that cruel habit.

ARETHUSA. Brooklyn.

A Help and a Hint.

Editor Social Corner: Have been reading the Social Corner letters this reading the Social Corner letters this morning, and cannot resist the temptation of writing one. In my family we use a great deal of outing flannel. Before I hit on this plan we had a bag full of odds and ends of all kinds of outing flannel. Now I always buy white, and I find it a great saving where it takes four yards to make one garment—two can be made from seven varies—there is no waste, as the yards-there is no waste, as the smallest scrap can be used, and it can scalded with the other clothes, no

he scalded with the other clothes, no danger of fading, always white.

This seems to be a Help One Another corner as well as Social Corner. What would help one another more than a change of air and surrounding for a few days' visit with one of the country cousins, and what would be nicer than to have one of our country cousins visit nearer the city for a few days after the tiresome season of canning and preserving.

VEIL. and preserving. VEIL

Something New-Halley's Comet!

Editor Social Corner: Twenty years ago I heard it-and ever since it as lived—this saying: What's new? ut, truthfully speaking, everything is id—only dressed up in a different color or style. Just keep one guessing and you have him interested; like the old-fashion grab bag at the festival—it takes, I had two or three walnut rods that had been used on the walnut rods that had been used on the stairs to keep the carpet in place. I sawed them luto four and one-half inch lengths, and after cleaning them, covered them round with some left over pie crust, pinched the edges together, wet my finger and smoothed seam down, stood them on end in ple-tin and baked light brown. After they were done I ramoved the stick and dil-dt the tubes with fine chopped meat. were done I removed the stick and alled the tubes with fine chopped meat,
well seasoned and put a stuffed clive in
one end. I then placed them on top
of a mount of hot mashed potatoes,
having the ends of the tubes touch in
the center, and apart at the outer
edge; placing two or three clives or a
holled egg, slashed part way down, so
as to show the yolk a little in the center Radish can be used instead of
olives. I have named the dish Halley's comet, as our folks look for it
quite often.

J. E. T. uite often.

Soap from Banana Skins. Banana skins are utilized in scapmaking on the west coast of Africa. The skins are rich in alkali, so they are burned to an ash, and this mixed with water and palm oil goes to make a cleanser which is in demand among the whites as well as the natives.

A Prayer.

Let us congratulate each other upon seeing the dawn of this year also, and let us unitedly pray that we enter upon it, continue in it, and come to its close under the unfailing blessing of the Lord to whom all years belong .-Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

Cheerfulness is a matter of birth and education. If you want to be cheerful, you can be so by learning to smile. A sluggish liver pulls down the corners of the mouth as soon as a mountain of trouble.

Be Cheerful.

Monetary.

When we hear a girl refer to her dresses and shoes as frocks and boots, we know her father is making more money than he used to .- Ohio State Journal.

Uncle Allen.

"I've noticed," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks, "that the fellow who really swears off from his bad habits doesn't

go around advertising & beforehand."

. T. I.